

Poetry.

KEEP TRYING.

If boys should get discouraged
At lessons or at work,
And say, "There's no use trying,"
And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
Till the boy became a man,
I wonder what the world would do
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
He fights, and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
At last you will prevail;
Be stubborn against failure;
Try! Try! and try again;
The boys who've kept on trying
Have made the world's best men.

—Selected.

Children's Department.

From Orellin, Md.

This is my third letter for the EVANGELIST. This is a beautiful March day. My youngest brother will be five years old tomorrow. My two oldest sisters are going to school. We only had free school six weeks here this winter. I will close.

Yours truly,

March 8. NETTIE SAUCER.

I will write another letter for the EVANGELIST. We are having beautiful weather now. The birds are singing sweetly. I love to hear their cheerful voices. I was at preaching twice on Sunday and to Sunday-school. The Methodists held services in the forenoon and the Lutherans in the afternoon. The U. B's. will commence a protracted meeting here the 17th inst. I will close. Yours truly,

March 8. REBECCA SAUCER.

From Lanark, Ill.

I am going to surprise all the little boys and girls of the EVANGELIST as well as the big folks, by telling that our former editor, S. J. Harrison is the happy father and Mrs. Harrison the happy mother over the arrival of a ten pound boy. Age one month. He is a good looking boy and he likes his catnip. I am going to ask a favor of you. Send in some names. I like the name of Paul Lawrence. I have a little brother by the name of Joy. Mamma got the name in the EVANGELIST. He is four years old. Good-bye,

March 4. DELTA EULILLA ROWLAND.

From Shendun, Va.

I will try and write another letter for the children's page. I was at school last Friday. It was George Washington's birth-day. I had two pieces to say, and my brother Eddie had a piece to say; they were very good pieces. I enjoyed myself very much. It was a pretty day; there was a big crowd. I was over to my grandma's to-day. I think I will close for this time. If I see this in print I will write again. I love my mamma and papa. Good-bye.

Feb. 17.

HUNTER GARLAND.

This is my second letter for the EVANGELIST. It is very beautiful to-day, I think spring will soon be here. The birds are singing so sweetly as if they are praising their maker. I think if every body would praise the Lord like the birds they would be much happier. I am trying to serve my master, my father and mother and my oldest brother and sister and I belong to the Brethren church. We have no preacher here. I wish we could have Brother Wilt. I will close.

March 8.

MAGGIE SHAFER.

From Brooklyn, Ia.

I will write about the King's Children society. We have meeting every Sunday evening at 6:30 P. M. We have about fifty members. We have a program of declamations and dialogues every four weeks. I will close in asking a question, How many times is the word Christ mentioned in the Bible. Yours respectfully,

March 5.

LYDIA ROBERTS.

CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

Did you ever think that Jesus was once a little Jewish child? He did not have any crown of light around his head, as painters have given him. It is good for us to remember that he was just a little loving child who lived at home with his father and mother, and always minded them and made them happy.

Now, when Jesus talked about little children, he spoke of something that he knew all about. He could remember playing on the hills of Galilee and beside its bright waters. He knew how good it was to come home to supper and find things warm and nice, and mother waiting for him, and perhaps errands to do to show how he loved her. He knew all about children's troubles—how they get hurt and want to be taken up in somebody's arms and comforted. There wasn't anything about a little boy's or girl's life that Jesus *didn't* know. That was just what made the children like to come to him when he called them.

And then Jesus knew all about their lit-

tle naughtinesses. You might think by the words in this lesson that he had forgotten all about that. Oh, dear, no. He never did any wrong things himself; but then you see he had grown up with little children, and he had shared their games and heard them talking. Don't you wonder what that little boy thought when he heard Jesus tell those great tall men to be like *him*? Such good men as they were! Going about doing good with Jesus their Master all the time! No wonder if his eyes opened wide and round as he felt Jesus' kind arm and heard him say that they must take him—a little child—for their pattern.

But by-and-by I think perhaps he began to understand a little of Jesus' meaning.

"He wants them to come the minute he speaks, just as I did, I guess. That must be it."

And he was right if he thought so. That is one thing in which Jesus' wants all his disciples to be like little children. Then there are other things. They must not think too much of themselves or mind being of no special account, any more than you little ones do. It would be a strange house where every one wanted the best place at table and the best room in the house and to be most thought of. Grown-up people do that sometimes, before they learn to be like little children. But Christ's little ones, old or young, love to think about other people and give up and not try to push ahead and be the biggest.

Will you try to remember this talk about the kind of children that Jesus loves to see? Every time you see a lot of little children together, I hope you will notice if they are the kind that he wants his disciples to be like. If they are, they will be very gentle in their play, and you will not hear any rude, angry words about the game. There will be no cries of "I want this!" or "I'm going to be that!" If there were, I should advise you to go away, or else stay and try to be a little peace-maker.

Jesus was once a little child,
A little child like me,

And he was pure and meek and mild,
As a little child should be:

So little children, let you and I,
Try to be like him, try, try, try.

WHEN we are tempted to murmur at the constant repetition of our daily duties, and feel weary of doing the same task day after day, let us call to mind the solemn fact that we have but one opportunity given us to perform any duty faithfully; and it is only through this daily and hourly devotedness and fidelity that we can ever expect to make any progress toward Christian perfection.—Anon.